

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, July 23, 1803.

[No. 42.]

The Chimney-Sweeper.

OR, THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from page 323.)

THE major soon returned to his regiment; and Edwards, with the confidence of grateful friendship, communicated to him what had passed.

And so, my fine fellow! cried Clatterton, when he had finished his recital, you are caught, at last!—Well!—take care;—if all proves right, I am well pleased. I own I had some notion of your being attached to Georgy;—if so, hang me when I seek to separate you:—now the prize is my own; for she is a bewitching girl, faith!

Edwards expressed his surprise at this declaration from the Viscount of an attachment to Miss Evelyn, as he looked upon the proposed match merely as a piece of family arrangement.

Why—it is true, said Clatterton, I never thought very seriously of her; but perhaps, that was owing to a foolish whim which took possession of my mind. I will reveal to you the particulars; and I assure you, my young friend, that it

is a great proof of my esteem. After the death of my parents, I was left to the care of my grandfather, at Evelyn Hall. My uncle, Sir Edward, was then about nineteen, and I had ever been particularly favored by him. About a mile from the hall, at the parsonage house, lived Agatha Milford, a lovely artless girl; her age was but fifteen; and, young as I then was, I can remember the captivating beauty of her person, and sweetness of manner. Unknown to his family, Sir Edward had cherished an attachment to this girl, which was returned by her with the most disinterested affection. Being a mere child, I was permitted to accompany my uncle whenever he visited Agatha; and, perhaps, to those early scenes of love I may attribute the romantic ideas I have often given way to. Agatha always caressed me fondly; and her bare injunction was sufficient to keep me silent on the subject of my uncle's visits, which continued till I was sent on my travels. I was absent five years; and, when I returned, found my uncle married—but not to Agatha; and, when introduced to lady Evelyn, I beheld, to my great mortification, a perfect stranger, instead of the beloved friend I had anxiously longed to embrace. I soon interrogated Sir Edward concerning her; his answers were cold and reserved; but a sigh broke from him, and I perceived that he was not happy: he had sacrificed love and honor to family pride and ambition. In vain did I enquire for Agatha:—her

father had been dead two years, and she had forsaken the house; but whether happily or unhappily situated I could not learn. There was an air of mystery in all my uncle's replies, that puzzled me: at length he called me one day into his chamber—

Clatterton, said he, I am about to place a trust in you of a serious nature; and, light and frivolous as you are in general, I expect you will, in this, be prudent. Here is the picture of Agatha Milford:—I cannot behold it without feeling a secret pang. I once loved her;—and, I know, even you regarded her sufficiently to make her resemblance valuable to you.—Take it! I know not whether the original is still living; nor can I reveal to you the particulars of our separation at present.—I am now going to Antigua:—should you ever hear of her let me know; but take no other steps in the affair, as you value my friendship.

I took the portrait, and gazed on the resemblance with emotions I hardly then knew the nature of. My uncle departed with his regiment, of which he was colonel; and his wife, perhaps, feeling too forcibly the neglect of a man who had merely married her through motives of family dignity, lived but a few months after their separation: since that time I have been unsuccessful in my search after Agatha.—But, why should I repine—if she lives, it is not for me; and perhaps, the dear girl has made a more

happy choice.—Georgiana shall now be mine ; and, I hope dear Frank, you will beat the bushes for your fly-away with better luck.

Edwards made few comments, but, in his heart, doubted whether he should be more successful than his friend ; and, the regiment-being shortly after removed to a town within thirty miles of London, he again became a prey to the most unceasing anxiety. One day, when he returned to his apartment to dress, his servant informed him that a message had been sent from the —inn, requesting his attendance on a gentleman who had refused to send his name. Edwards was much surprised, but resolved to attend the summons ; and, as soon as he was dressed repaired, alone, to the inn. He was immediately shown into an apartment, where he found a youth, of whose features, he imagined, he had some recollection ; but, it being then twilight, he could not be certain. The stranger, without giving him time to speak, rose to receive him ; and accosting him by his name, said—

I should apologize to you for neglecting to acquaint you with the name of the person who has thus presumed to solicit your company, but that I know you would be equally unacquainted with that as my person ; and the business I have with you is of a nature that must render form immaterial.

He seemed embarrassed as he spoke ; and Edwards waited, in mute astonishment, the result of this strange adventure.

Have you dined ? asked the stranger, again addressing him.

Edwards said he had not ; and, upon invitation, consented to stay at the inn. During dinner, the stranger spoke little, appeared thoughtful, and frequently sighed ; when the wine was brought, he smiled—

I am but a poor companion at a bottle, Mr. Edwards ;—you will excuse me, I hope :—my first glass must be to the girl of my heart.

He filled :—Edwards followed his example ;—and the stranger, bending over his glass, said—

To the health of Matilda Aubrey.

Do you know her ? asked Edwards, starting, and putting down the glass.

Intimately, replied his companion ; and it is concerning her you see me here.—And, now, tell me honestly the terms you are upon with that lady.

Edwards hesitated.—

Your question, Sir, is abrupt, not to say rude ; and I know not whether I should answer it or not.

Just as you please, returned the other coldly ; only understand this—I am authorised by the lady herself to make the enquiry.—In fact, I am her brother—I think you must have perceived the resemblance. She has informed me of your acquaintance at Canterbury, an intimacy which she thinks on with pleasure. Her friends are urgent for her to marry ; but the man they have selected for her is not the object of her choice :—you will pardon my plainness, now, I trust, and honor me with your real sentiments.

Undoubtedly, replied Edwards. The admiration your sister excited in my heart, I may say, almost claims the tenderest name ; and I doubt not that a further acquaintance would confirm that claim. But it would ill become me to encourage a partiality on either side, which may ultimately involve us both in distress ; for, here I candidly declare, I have neither fortune nor expectations beyond my daily pay.

That is immaterial, Sir, replied the stranger, hastily. If your affection is supported by honorable views, the fortune of my sister will, when of age, be amply sufficient.

Excuse me, Mr. Aubrey, interrupted Edwards ; I would not be so base as to steal into a family, who knowing my pretensions, would refuse me with scorn.

I see how it is, Sir, said Aubrey, coloring highly ; you varnish over your want of love for my sister by this plausible parade of honor.

I know not, Sir, returned Edwards, haughtily, whether you seek, by this interference, to befriend or insult me ; but you mistake me much, if your last sentence expressed your opinion of me—I admire, nay, love Miss Aubrey too well to suffer her to disgrace herself.

Aubrey covered his face with his hands, and seemed much agitated.—Edwards proceeded.—

Your zeal in your sister's behalf may lead you to her injury, and, were I dishonorable enough, I might avail myself of your favor ; but, I see, you are young and inexperienced ;—and to that I impute your generous error.

You are right ! exclaimed his companion ; 'tis my youth and inexperience that urges me to this :—then you positively decline an alliance with Matilda Aubrey ?

Do not interpret so hastily, interrupted Edwards ; were you authorised to propose one, I should answer you differently :—but concluding, from what you have said, that the family of that lady is wealthy and respectable, I am too conscious of the disadvantages I labor under to presume to hope for such an union ; it is, therefore, better for the peace of both that we see each other no more :—honor, duty, every consideration, require the sacrifice ; and, I have no doubt, as it is the greatest on my side, it is the more my duty to enforce it.

Ah ! heavens ! exclaimed Aubrey, falling back in his chair, then all is lost !

The tears started to his eyes, and he seemed nearly fainting. Edwards sprung from his seat, and flew to his support.

Amiable youth ! why this excessive sensibility ?

He took one of his hands,—it was cold and white as marble. A sudden idea darted across his mind, as he gazed upon the now inanimate features of his companion ; he loosened his collar, to give him air—every thing conspired to convince him it was Matilda Aubrey. Her complexion darkened by art, had, for a while, deceived him ; and he now pressed her with a wild transport of astonishment and rapture to his beating heart.

When Matilda revived, she found that her secret was discovered ; and she hid her face in his bosom, while a torrent of tears served to relieve her. Edwards soon urged an explanation.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF PETER THE GREAT.

[From Tooke's History of Russia.]

WHEN M. Printz was at the court of Peter I. as ambassador from Prussia, that prince invited him to a grand entertainment; and after having drank, as usual, a great deal of wine and brandy, he sent to fetch from the prisons of Petersburg twenty of the strelitzes. Then, at each bumper, he struck off the head of one of these wretches. He proposed to the Prussian ambassador to exercise his dexterity upon them; but the ambassador declined the barbarous offer. What a spectacle, to see a tyrant, in the midst of his cups, amusing himself with cutting off the heads of a score of his unhappy subjects, while his base courtiers were getting drunk with him, and applauding the ferocity of such sanguinary pastime!

Endowed with a fine figure and a superior understanding, invested with sovereign power, and though passionately fond of women, Peter I. was never beloved by one; or at least he was duped by all with whom he formed an attachment. While yet very young he married Evdokia Lapukhin, who was mother of the unhappy Alexey. Not long after his marriage with Evdokia, the Tzar fell desperately in love with Anna Moëns, a handsome Fleming, the daughter of a brewer settled at Mosco.

Evdokia at first was apparently grieved at the desertion of her husband; but presently after consoled herself in the society of a young boyar, named Glebof; and, to the misfortune both of herself and her lover, neglected to make a sufficient secret of her amour. The tzar who thought he might be inconstant with impunity, would not allow another to be so with him. He shut up the tzaritza in a convent, and afterwards repudiated her in form. His vengeance towards Glebof was far more cruel: he impaled him alive; and it is confidently asserted, that the wretched victim of his fury remained upwards of four and twenty hours on the spike before he expired*.

The tzar went in all eagerness to enjoy this horrible sight. He did more; he got upon the pediment of brickwork in which the pale was fixed, and exhorted the sufferer to confess to him the facts which he had hitherto refused to

avow. Come nearer, that thou mayest hear me the better, answered Glebof; which the tzar having done, Glebof collected his remaining forces for an instant and said to him: Thou tyrant, the most cruel that ever hell produced, if what thou imputest to me were true, thinkest thou, that, not having confessed it before my punishment, while yet some hope remained of obtaining mercy by the avowal; canst thou think, I say, that I am such a fool or such a coward as to satisfy thee now that it is no longer in thy power to save my life. Go, horrible monster, added he, as he spit in his face; begone!—

Though Catharine owed every thing to the tzar, who had seated her on the throne, she was not always so faithful to him as he had a right to expect. Catharine had chosen for her chamberlain, the young Moëns de la Croix, whose sister, madame Balk, was about her person, and had rejected the hand of the tzar. Moëns being of a handsome figure, it was not long before he made a lively impression on the heart of the empress, and the intercourse was soon perceived by count Yagujinsky, who was then in full confidence with the tzar, and had the cruelty to communicate the discovery he had made to his master. Peter's jealousy took fire. He vowed vengeance; but resolved first to convince himself by ocular proof of Catharine's treachery. Accordingly, he pretended to leave Petersburg in order to pass a few days at one of his country palaces, but repaired secretly to the winter-palace; then sent a page, on whom he could depend, with his compliments to the empress, and to tell her that he was at Strelna, a few leagues from the residence.

The page, who had orders to take notice of every thing, hastened back with a strong confirmation of the tzar's suspicions. Peter went in all haste to Catharine, and surprised her in the arms of her lover. It was two o'clock in the morning, and madame Balk was watching at some distance from the apartment of her majesty. Peter, in his fury, overset a page who stood in his way, and struck Catharine with his cane; but said not a word to Moëns, or to madame Balk, intending to punish them in a manner more severe than by some strokes of his cane.

On leaving Catharine, Peter, still in a transport of rage, ran abruptly into the

chamber where prince Repnin was asleep, who starting up, and seeing the tzar, thought himself undone. Get up, said the tzar, and hear me. Thou hast no need to dress. Repnin rose, trembling at every joint. Peter related to him what had happened, and added: I am determined to cut off the empress's head as soon as it is daylight.—You have sustained an injury, and you are absolute master, answered Repnin; but permit me with due respect, to make one observation. Why divulge the fatal adventure at which you are so much irritated? You have been forced to destroy the strelitzes. Almost every year of your reign has been marked by bloody executions. You thought it behoved you to condemn your own son to death. If you cut off the head of your wife, you will tarnish for ever the glory of your name; Europe will behold you in no other light than as a prince greedy of the blood of your subjects, and of all your kindred. Revenge the outrage; put Moëns to death by the sword of the law. But as to the empress, your best way will be to get rid of her by means that will not sully your fame.

During this speech Peter was violently agitated. After fixing his eyes for some moments on Repnin, he left the room without uttering a word. The ruin of Moëns was already resolved. He was arrested as well as madame Balk. They were both confined in the winter-palace, in an apartment where none had admission, except the emperor himself, who carried them their victuals. At the same time a report was spread, that the brother and the sister had been bribed by the enemies of the country, in hopes of bringing the empress to act upon the mind of the tzar prejudicially to the interests of Russia.

Moëns was interrogated by the monarch in presence of general Uschakof; and, after having confessed whatever they pleased, he lost his head on the block.

* The diplomatic agent, already cited, affirms in his manuscript memoirs that more than a hundred witnesses of this fact related it to him; and that on his arrival at Mosco, he himself saw the head of Glebof still affixed on the pale.

† Prince Repnin has often related these particulars. He was the grandfather of prince Nicholas Repnin who was some years ago ambassador at Warsaw and governor of Livonia.

Madame Balk, his sister, received the knout; and it is pretended that it was the czar himself who inflicted it on her: after this she was sent into Siberia.

Moëns walked to meet his fate with manly firmness. He always wore a diamond bracelet, to which was a miniature of Catharine; but as it was not perceived at the time of his being seized, he found means to conceal it under his garter; and when he was on the scaffold he confided this secret to the lutheran pastor who accompanied him, and under cover of his cloak slipped the bracelet into his hand to restore it to the empress.

The czar was a spectator to the punishment of Moëns from one of the windows of the senate. The execution being over, he got up on the scaffold, took the head of Moëns by the hair, and expressed with a brutal energy how delighted he was with the vengeance he had taken. The same day, that prince had the cruelty to conduct Catharine in an open carriage round the stake on which was fixed the head of the unfortunate sufferer. Catharine was sufficiently mistress of herself not to change countenance at the sight of this terrible object; but it is said, that on returning to her apartment she shed abundance of tears.

CURE FOR A DISSIPATED WIFE.

THE Duke de Guise, was married to a princess of Cleves, a young woman of exquisite beauty; who from living in the gallant court of Catharine de Medicis, was not remarkably scrupulous in her conduct, and was supposed to entertain a partiality for a young man, of the name of St. Maigrin, who openly avowed an attachment to her. Catharine de Medicis having, on a particular occasion, invited the principal ladies of her court to a ball and supper, at which each were to be served by young noblemen dressed in the liveries of their favorite ladies, the Duke disapproved of the Duchess being present, and conjured, as she valued his peace of mind, to make her excuses for her non-attendance to the Queen; at the same time telling her, that, though he placed the highest confidence in her virtue, the public had talked freely of St. Maigrin's attentions; and, therefore, she ought to avoid receiving any farther proof of them. The Duchess pretended it was impossi-

ble to refuse an invitation from the queen, and accordingly went, in opposition to her husband, and did not return home till six in the morning.

She had not retired to rest many minutes, when the door of her apartment slowly opened, and she saw the duke enter with a grave yet determined countenance, followed by an old servant carrying a basin full of liquor. The door was then immediately locked, and the duke approached the bed-side. Madam, said he, in a stern tone of voice, though you would not do last night what I requested you shall do now, what I desire. —Your dancing of last night has most probably heated you, and you must immediately drink this basin of broth, to prevent it from having any ill consequence.

The duchess, suspecting it to be poison, burst into an agony of tears, and entreated to be forgiven; but, finding her husband inexorable, conjured him to send for her father confessor. To this supplication he was equally deaf, and insisted upon his commands being immediately complied with. The alarmed wife soon obeyed, and swallowed the draught, believing it would be fatal. The duke then quitted the apartment, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and returned again in about four hours. Madam, said he, as he entered, I fear you have spent your time in an unpleasant manner; I fear, too, that I have been the cause of it:—but you may now judge what I have suffered, when you have made me spend time equally disagreeable. Take comfort, however, for you have nothing to fear; and I am willing on my part to believe, that I shall have nothing in future to be apprehensive of: yet for the time to come, we will avoid, if you please, playing each other such disagreeable tricks.

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

INTRODUCED to a circle where the conversation appears very animated, I enquire into the subject.—It is Celimene, says the mistress of the house, who has sued for a divorce: she who seemed so virtuous, so strongly attached to principles! You know her; you are also acquainted with her husband, her estimable husband,—a man, of all the world, the most amiable and engaging

in his manners!—Oh! such scandalous conduct!—As for my part, I declare I shall never see her more!

Nor I! exclaimed a lady, who sat next to me.

Nor I! nor I! nor I! ran round the whole circle.

Honor!—decency!—virtue!—principles!—No—no—I shall never see her more?

At this very moment arrives the lady whom they had all vowed never to see more. Celimene enters; her deportment is grave, her air reserved, and her manners dignified and affecting. Having examined her whole appearance with a scrutinizing eye, I say to myself—Honor—decency—virtue—and principles, do not forbid that this woman should be very interesting; and though she may be unfortunate, I think she still retains a sense of honor—decency—virtue—and principle!

The whole company are petrified; the mistress of the house rises; salutes her coldly; invites her to sit down; and then—silence! I am the first to interrupt it, by enquiring about the rain, the snow, the balls, the fashions. Celimene smiles, well knowing that such subjects do not suit my taste. Immediately the divorce was revived, and each member of the company presents her compliments of condolence to Celimene on the melancholy occasion.

We have been astonished, my dear friend, to hear of your divorce!

Celimene. Nothing ever astonishes me.

A lady on her left. But your husband—What says he to it?

Celimene. He has performed his part.

A lady on the right. He who always adored you. [Celimene sighs.]

A third. But who has advised you to such a singular and decisive step?

Celimene (sorrowfully). My family: his family:—my friends: his friends.

The whole company. Ah!—what a pity! Do tell us how it has happened,

Celimene takes from her pocket a statement, authenticated by the family, and gives it to me to read. The substance of it is,—that this husband, who had the address to appear so amiable, so charming, in the eyes of the world; who appeared so fond of her in company, where he was all attention, and never spoke of her but with praise, was her perfect tormentor in private; refused her every indulgence, and never suffered a day to pass without some instance of the grossest ill-treatment:—that their mutual friends and relatives had held a meeting, and, seeing no chance of reformation in his conduct, deemed it more eligible that they should part, than thus present to their children a daily and deplorable example of domestic strife and animosity.

The whole company are silent; they admire the long patience of Celimene; they are astonished at her prudence and discretion. The result is—

We all agree, it is the greatest folly to judge of men and things from simple appearances; and that, to decide with sound sense, we ought to know (to use a common phrase) what passes behind the curtain.

The next day I visit another circle, which I find bitterly inveighing against Dorilas—He is a bad husband—a bad father! Ah! how much are his wife and children to be pitied!

And why all this complaint? Because Dorilas, who is rough in his manners, but good-natured—passionate, but generous—happened to lose his temper at home, in presence of some strangers. His wife and children, unaccustomed to harsh treatment from one who loves them, burst into tears.—The company retiring, exclaim—What a cruel tyrant, to delight in the tears of his family!

If Dorilas was used to play the hypocrite, had he calculated the consequences of this momentary effervescence of passion, he would have said—These strangers, seeing me out of temper, will think I am always so; if they hear me speak loud, they will think I always speak loud; if my family weep before them, they will think they are always weeping. But Dorilas follows only the dictates of his heart; and being incapable of disguise, and seeing a real cause of dissatisfaction, could not avoid expressing it.

His wife and children arrive—The company affect a tender concern—pity them, and exhort them to patience.

Patience! exclaim they: what patience is necessary to live with a man, whose whole life is devoted to our welfare—who is not out of temper, perhaps, once in the whole year—and who has neither wish nor study but to make us happy?

This ingenuous declaration produces an entire change in the sentiments of the company, and their praise of Dorilas is now exaggerated in proportion to their former censure. Looking, therefore, at life and manners, we must consider it a strange temerity that ventures to judge of things without knowing all their relations, and to condemn actions without a perfect knowledge of the motives from whence they arise.

A LETTER

From an Attorney, on the Circuit, to his mistress in town.

MY DEAR CHARMER!

THE Circuit is now at an end, and the judges and lawyers on their return home; but no *felon*, sentenced at the assizes, to transportation could have been in a more wretched plight than your humble servant; for I can safely make *affidavit*, that each day, that I behold not your lovely face, is to me a *die non*. Cupid, the tipstaff, has served me with an *attachment* from your bright eyes, more dreadful than a *green wax process*; he has taken my heart into *custody*, and will not accept of *bail*. Unless you allow of my *plea*, I must be *non-suited* in a cause I have set my heart on. Why will you, while I pine in hopes of a speedy *rejoinder*, hang me up *term* after *term*, by frivolous *delays*, which tend only to gain *time*.

I filed my bill as of last *Michaelmas term* on the morrow of all souls, in hopes, ere this, to have joined *issue* with you. It is now fifteen days from *Easter day*, and, by your *demurring*, I am as far from bringing my cause to an *hearing*, as before I commenced my *suit*. You still delay giving in your *answer*, which is absolutely against the *practice* of all the courts. I would willingly quit the fat-

test *client* there, to attend your business, would you but submit to a *reference*; and should prefer an *attendance* at your chambers, to those of *master in chancery*.

I stand in great need of an able *counsel* to move my suit while I am absent; that sly slut, Dolly, your chamber maid, has taken my *fee*, yet I fear betrays my cause: she is ever preferring some *cross-bill*, which protracts matters, and yet I do not sue in *forma pauperis*, being ready and willing to *infeoff* you in a good *jointure*; and to this I will bind myself, my *heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns* by a deed in which you shall nominate *trustees*.

To save expenses, my clerk shall engross it, and it shall be perused by your own lawyer, it being left as a query, how vastly preferable the title of a *femme couverte* is to that of a spinster; but you shall answer short to all my *interlocutory interrogatories*. If I could but once obtain a leading order to try my title, by even a jury of your own friends, I am certain I should obtain a verdict in my favor, and recover costs against you; for I have a good action for attendance and loss of time, though, upon the *postea*, I do not think I could find in my heart to issue a *ca sa* against you, or put you into any court, but that of Hymen.

You have equity in your own breast, and from thence I hope for relief: decree but for me, and the day of *essoign* shall be that of your own nuptials, and the eve of the lasting felicity of, dear creature, your humble supplicant, and faithful orator, &c.

T. SPLITCAUSE.

EXCUSE FOR SINNING.

WE are very apt to accommodate religion to our own purposes. A girl, who had been seduced by a man of fashion, and then deserted by him, after receiving a promise of marriage, conceived so violent an aversion to him, that she would have done any thing to revenge herself. Being one Sunday at church, where the subject of the sermon was seduction, after having pathetically described the great sin of a man, who seduced a girl, under pretence of marrying her, remarked, that it was reducing her to irreparable misfortune, and usually obliged her afterwards to

live by prostitution.—Take care, my brethren, said he, I address myself principally to you young men, who glory in deceiving an innocent girl; and I maintain that you will not only have to answer for your own sins, but for those also which you have caused others to commit; and that you are answerable for the sin which an innocent woman commits, after you have basely deserted her, as having been the prime instigator, and the robber of her virtue. This doctrine so pleased the young girl, that, as she returned from church, meeting one of her female acquaintance, my dear, said she to her, I would not have missed hearing our sermon to-day for the world.—He said, that the villain who deceived me, will have to answer for all the sins I may hereafter commit; I am therefore determined to commit so many, that the fellow will surely be damned.

FEMALE VIRTUE.

IN a gallery of the library of Archduke Leopold, at Vienna, is placed the statue of a country girl, who immortalized herself by the following action: One day that she was at work in the country, a soldier, whose desires she was not willing to satisfy, undertook to have, by force, what his persuasions and presents, had not enabled him to obtain; but the robust girl seized him by the body, covered him with her cloak, and carried him, in this manner, before a magistrate, to whose authority she committed him to receive the punishment of his insolence. The strength, the courage, and the virtue of this young woman were all so conspicuous, that it was resolved they should be rendered perpetually so, by raising a statue to her memory.

THE MIND ABSORBED IN STUDY.

FREDERIC MOREL was employed in translating libraries, when he was informed that his wife, who had been long unwell, was suddenly taken extremely ill, and wished to speak with him. I have only two sentences to translate, after that, I'll go and see her. A second messenger announced to him that she was dying. I have only two words to finish, said Morel; return to her, I shall be there as soon as you. A moment afterwards he was informed that she was dead. I am very sorry for it, said he: she was a good woman: and he continued his translation.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, July 23d, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 45 persons during the week ending on the 16th instant, viz. Of consumption 9, —vomiting and lax 1—Inflammation of stomach 1—Small pox 1—Palsey 2—Complaint of bowels 2—Teething 1—Phrenetis 1—Sudden 1—Convulsions 1—Drowned 1—Diseases not mentioned 4—Fits 5—Lethargy 1—Lax 3—Drinking cold water 3—Whooping cough 1—Cholera infantum 1—Cholera morbus 1—Chin cough 1—Dropsy 2—Apoplexy 1—Syphilis 1. Twenty-three were adults, twenty-two children.

The president has issued his proclamation for the meeting of congress, on Monday the 17th of October next, at Washington.

LOUISIANA.

The executive has received the treaty which cedes Louisiana to this government. The terms are, \$11,250,000 to be paid to France in six per cent stock, within three months after the exchange of ratifications and the delivery of possession, and an assumpsit (not to exceed \$3,750,000) of the debts due to American citizens for captures made by the French.—French and Spanish vessels and merchandizes directly from their own ports to pay in the ceded territory, no higher duties than Americans for 12 years, (no other nation to receive the same privilege) after which, the privileges only of the most favored nation.

An apprentice boy was drowned last Sunday morning in Swartwout's Basin, North-River, as he was bathing. He was an expert swimmer: but, it is supposed, he was seized with the cramp, and immediately sunk. All efforts to save him were ineffectual.

On Friday last, Captain Moore, an old and respectable citizen, who has been many years in the coasting trade from Albany to New-York, was knocked overboard by the boom of his vessel, and drowned, opposite Kinderhook, on his way to this city.

A number of Sharks have lately been seen in the East-river. Seven were caught in about three hours, yesterday morning, at the Fly-market wharf.

Died in Rahway, last week, a young woman, who, about the 8th May last, was bitten by a mad dog.—She had all the symptoms of canine madness, tho' at times seemed to possess so much reason as to caution her attendants to be careful lest she should bite them, as she felt a strong propensity to it. The hydrophobia was so great, that at the sight of water she would be horribly convulsed, and appeared as if she was in the agony of death. She died in all the horror peculiar to the malady, to the poignant distress of surviving friends and relatives. *N. Jersey Journal.*

WEST-INDIES.

Late accounts from the West-Indies, mention that news was received at Antigua of the capture of Tobago by the British.—When the intelligence of war was received at Antigua, there were 3 or 4 French vessels in that port, who put to sea the following night leaving considerable property ashore.—An expedition consisting of 5 sail of the line, 2 frigates and 2 sloops of war, with 7000 troops, had sailed from thence against Martinique, previous to which a severe press took place, American vessels were dispeopled, but such as could prove their citizenship, were released.—A squadron consisting of 7 sail of the line and 4 transports, arrived at Barbadoes from Europe; which had captured several French vessels on their passage.—32 sail of French vessels were cut out of Fort Royal and St. Pierre's by 4 British 74s and three frigates.—A British brig called the Busy, has sent 3 prizes into Antigua, one very valuable, from the coast of Guinea, with 373 slaves, 135 elephants' teeth, and 130 boxes of gold-dust.

Extract of a letter from a merchant at Aux Cayes, to a friend in Baltimore, dated June 24, 1803.

We have lately been in great consternation here on account of the negroes; however, not having seen any of them about the city for some days past,

it is expected they are gone to the northern or western departments: We are, therefore, in hopes of enjoying a little repose for the future, as we were obliged to mount guard night and day.

There is little business doing here at present—and the price of provisions has considerably risen, particularly flour, which is now at 16 dollars per barrel.

Many of the inhabitants of this place wish to leave the country; but none can obtain passports, except women and children, and there are not vessels enough in the harbor to carry off all those who wish to depart.

There are now lying in the road a frigate of 50 guns and 3 brigs, which cruise between this place and Jacquemel, in order to prevent the brigands from molesting vessels trading to our ports.

Rochambeau has changed his headquarters to the Cape: he is a man of a very violent disposition. All the officers, both civil and military, are jealous of each other; but they are not actuated by a desire to see who shall do most good, but, on the contrary they are ambitious to excel each other in wickedness—money appears to be their only object. Bonaparte is not satisfied with their conduct. Brunet, who presides here, seems for the present, to possess better principles. Adieu.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

A Swindler.—The following transaction, which we are requested to publish for the benefit of the public, took place in this city. On Monday the 27th June, a person calling himself Mr. Arlington, came to a store in Philadelphia. He said his brother and himself were concerned in two stores on the Ohio river in or near Pittsburgh; that they had sold a vessel in Baltimore, where they had laid out part of the proceeds, and he had come to this place to invest the remainder in merchandize. He brought with him a small red morocco trunk, saying it contained his money. He opened it in the presence of the store-keeper, and took out a small parcel that was nicely papered up; upon unrolling which the shop-keeper observed five half-eagles. Four of them he put in his pocket, but the other, either by accident or design, dropped into the trunk, which he closed, and committed to the care of the store-keeper, saying that he would return and take the store-keeper to the bank with

him to have his gold weighed. He then looked out articles to the amount of 260 dollars; and after again mentioning the trunk, took his leave till after dinner, his black man following him with the goods. It occurred to the shopkeeper as safest to see where the goods were carried to; and he accordingly sent a person to follow them.

After winding about for some time they stopped at a stage office. Four o'clock in the afternoon arrived, and no Mr. Arlington appeared. The shopkeeper proceeded to the office, and there learnt that his customer had gone to Burlington. Upon this information, he thought it high time to have a peep at the contents of the little morocco trunk. He found in it the half eagle which had been dropped; the rest were cents all wrapped up very nicely in paper. In the bottom of the trunk was a quantity of sheet lead! He immediately went in pursuit of Mr. Arlington, whom he overtook at Burlington, and obtained not only his own goods, but a trunk containing his wearing apparel. He appeared to be about 26 or 28 years of age, rather inclined to be tall, dark hair and eyes; is very talkative and endeavors to make himself of consequence. Any person wishing to see his cloaths, or to examine his brass eagles, may obtain information where they are by applying at this office.

If Mr. Arlington will come forward, prove property, pay charges and run the risk of imprisonment, he shall have his goods again.

UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.
No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the present lottery for the relief of Widows with small children. And knowing that a name, though empty in itself, oft times stamps the face of things with a current value, (witness the numerous fortunate lottery offices in this city, ornamented and neatly gilt, calculated to attract the eye of the anxious adventurer) the subscriber, to vary the scene, has presumed to adopt the above title—Where is the harm?

"A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet." He with truth acknowledges, that in former lotteries he sold a great number of tickets that proved unfortunate, but the public may rest assured that the fault was not his: But as all mundane things are continually changing, why may he not flatter himself, that in the present lottery (founded for the most benevolent purpose) he may have the honor of bestowing some Fortune's most favorite numbers; then he may with equal propriety alter his present title, and not deviate from truth.—Therefore, under the present head, he offers his fortunate numbers for sale; and sincerely hopes his most sanguine wishes may be realized.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

N. B. Tickets now selling for 6½ dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise to seven dollars.



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Married,

At Mendham, (Mass.) Mr. William Blazer, aged 16, to Miss Catharine Hayden, aged 11!!!

On Saturday last, Mr. James Poole, of Hempstead (L. I.) to Miss Martha Hicks, of Far-Rockaway.

On Monday last, at Belville, (N. J.) Alexander Macomb, jun. to Miss Catharine Macomb.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. John H. Bailey, to Miss Charlotte Ann Kip, both of this city.

At Bridgeport, (Conn.) on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Shelton, Mr. Justice Butler, of New-Haven, to Mrs. Whitney, of that place.



Died,

On Wednesday morning, Mr. John Jameson, a native of Scotland.

On Tuesday last, of an inflammation of the brain, Joseph Hopkins, merchant, of this city.

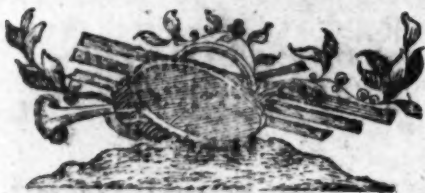
On Wednesday, Mr. Walter Heyer, an officer of the customs.

Lately, Brigadier-General Josiah Tattnell, jun. late Governor of the state of Georgia.

WHAITES & CHARTERS,
PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS.

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church; Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments sent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.



SONG,

For a Highland drover, returning from England.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Author of *The Farmer's Boy*.

NOW, fare thee well England, no further I'll
 roam,
 But follow my shadow, that points the way home:
 Your gay southern shores shall not tempt me to stay,
 For my Maggy's at home, and my children at play;
 'Tis this makes my bonnet sit light on my brow,
 Gives my sinews their strength, and my bosom its glow.

Farewel, mountaineers! my companions adieu!
 Soon, many long miles when I'm sever'd from you,
 I shall miss your white horns, on the brink of the
 Bourne,

And o'er the rough heaths where you'll never return;
 But in brave English pastures you cannot complain,
 While your drover speeds back to his Maggy again.

O Tweed! gentle Tweed, as I pass your green vales,
 More than life, more than love, my tir'd spirit inhales;
 There, Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view;
 With her barefooted lasses, and mountains so blue;
 To the mountains away! my heart bounds like the
 hind;

For home is so sweet and my Maggy so kind.

As day after day I still follow my course,
 And in fancy trace back ev'ry stream to its source,
 Hope cheers me up hills, where the road lies before;
 O'er hills just as high, and o'er tracks of wild moor;
 The keen polar star nightly rising to view;
 But Maggy's my star, just as steady and true.

O ghost of my fathers! O heroes look down;
 Fix my wandering thoughts on your deeds of renown;
 For the glory of Scotland reigns warm in my breast,
 And fortitude grows both from toil and from rest;
 May your deeds and your worth be for ever in view,
 And may Maggy bear sons not unworthy of you.

Love, why do you urge me, so weary and poor?
 I cannot step faster, I cannot do more;
 I've pass'd silver Tweed, e'en the Tay flows behind;
 Yet fatigue I'll disdain, my reward I shall find;
 Thou, sweet smile of innocence, thou art my prize,
 And the joy that will sparkle in Maggy's blue eyes.

She'll watch to the southward, perhaps she will sigh,
 That the way is so long, and the mountains so high.
 Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk she may see,
 And will say in her fondness, "That surely is he!"
 Good wife you're deceiv'd; I'm still far from my
 home;
 Go sleep my dear Maggy; to-morrow I'll come.

THE FAIR THIEF.

By Dr. Goldsmith.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

ITELL, and tell with truth and grief,
 That Celia is an arrant thief:
 Before the urchin well could go
 She stole the whiteness of the snow:
 And more, the whiteness to adorn;
 She stole the blushes of the morn;
 Stole all the sweetness ether sheds
 On primrose banks or violet beds;
 Still to reveal her artful wiles,
 She stole the Graces' silken smiles;
 'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
 To plant a star in either eye;
 She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
 And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth;
 The cherry, dip in morning dew,
 Gave moisture to her lips and hue.
 These were the infant spoils, a store
 To which in time she pilfer'd more:
 At twelve, she stole from Cyprus' queen,
 Her air and love-commanding mien;
 Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
 From Pallas sense, to charm the soul;
 She sung—the Sirens all appear'd;
 And warbling, she stole all she hear'd;
 She play'd—the Muses, from their hill,
 Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill;
 Apollo's wit was next her prey,
 Her next—the beams that brighten day.
 Great Jove, her pilferings to crown,
 Pronounc'd these treasures all her own;
 Pardon'd her crimes and prais'd her art,
 And t'other day, she stole my heart.

Cupid, if lovers be your care,
 Exert your power on this fair;
 To trial bring her stolen charms,
 And let her prison be—my arms.

JEALOUSY.

From the Italian of LORENZO DE MEDICI.
 BY ROSCÖE.

SAD in a nook obscure, and sighing deep,
 A pale and haggard beldam shrinks from view;
 Her gloomy vigils there she loves to keep,
 Wrapt in a robe of ever changing hue;
 A hundred eyes she has that ceaseless weep,
 A hundred ears, that pay attention due.
 Imagin'd evils aggravate her grief,
 Heedless of sleep, and stubborn to relief.

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 59 MAIDEN-LANE.

HAS imported by the late arrivals from Europe,
 elegant Piano Fortes, with or without the addi-
 tional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Concert
 and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drums,
 Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment
 of Music for different instruments by the most favorite
 composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, viz:—
 A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our
 Saehem, long may he live."

Sadi the Moor.

The Convent Dirge—and a variety of other new
 Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most
 fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and
 Coffee-urns, Tea-pots, Sugar-dishes, Candlesticks,
 Brackets, Branches, Castors, Dish-crosses, Bread-
 baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on
 the lowest terms.

N. SMITH,



Chemical Perfumer, from Lon-
 don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
 and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
 No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
 Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well
 known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
 ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening
 and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is
 very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
 printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
 and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
 and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hand and soft Po-
 matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
 fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
 most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
 and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
 kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
 comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
 skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
 only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
 Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
 superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
 preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
 with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural
 color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or
 Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

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